Sep 17
1937

Monk Horne.

Friday

I had a letter from Margaret Dansi, enclosing a letter from Maurice about Tolland Home, which I was about to send you but it seems to be lost. However I've a very dull letter - No Words can write - all the virtues & all the graces but no gift with the pen - So I have no heart for writing this. Except to say I hope Quentin wasn't made really bad by that accursed English cooking. It was the cheese I'm sure: it smelt like a skunk. - The old fogies must have infected it with Thair funereal decay. Perhaps I could come over on Monday or

perhaps Tuesday would be better, for you
will be Sated with Conversation during
the week end. I longed to ask Augus
about Mary Butts, but had just not
enough wine in my head for the purpose.
I hope you may. Vita was much
impressed by the improvement in Angelica's
beauty, which she said was purely
Russian. It was a mercy not to find
her Gwen there; & Quentin — was completely
master of all the intricacies of all the hot-
pans. In fact they did me the utmost
credit. I should say don. I suppose; but I
intend to claim all their virtues in future.
Don't do too much, my dolphin darling.
But that sounds so much like Aunt
Mary I'm ashamed. I've just been
wet through & almost clapped on the
head by thunder in the mark to
Glen. B.

NYPL
HAMILL 2/10/66

Friday

I didn't come to tea today, — not that you probably expected me — because Clive may go about coming here tomorrow: & I gather that he & Janie are with you. So I thought we'd have tea; had Clive. But if you could stand it, I hope I will come on Monday: — hope too to find you without visitors. I hope also to be rid of my own. Oh to think of having Tom & Judith in the house for 2 days! Judith suddenly asked to come: so, as we'd just had Tom before, we agreed: how she'll mix with Tom, & perhaps William Plomer, & Clive & Janie Lord knows. Have the letter from Margaret Le-Jones. She has sent us a collection of Victorian photographs — some rather fascinating — which of them I'll bring. Ena Jones had a letter from Maynard, who wants to seduce me to buy rare books, saying he's coming next week, & hopes to see us. He will lead an awful life: but Ruth is

Sept 27

as ah. Angelica was so lovely the other night. She looked like an Egyptian Goddess making Elizabeth with her face. I shall be so jealous when she marries. But this is about you want us up. our love Dadie B.

Friday

Sept 27

I didn't come to tea today, not that you probably expected me - because Clive says about coming here tomorrow: & I gather that he & Janie are with you. So I thought it as you had some But if you could stand it, I hope I will come on Monday: - hope two to find you without visitors. I hope also to be rid of my own. Oh to think of having Tom & Judith in the house for 2 days! Judith suddenly asked to come: so, as we'd put her off before, we agreed: how she'll mix with Tom, & perhaps William Plomer, & Clive & Janie Lord knows. Have the letter from Margaret Le-Jones. She has sent us a collection of Victorian photographs - some rather fascinating - which of them I'll bring: Lena Ive had a letter from Maynard, who wants to induce me to buy rare books, saying he's coming next week, & hopes to see us. He will but lead an invalid life: but Ruth is

at all. Angelica was so lovely the other night. She looked an exquisite Gerbera marked Elizabeth with her first flower.

I shall be so jealous when the marries. But this is Quentin & you won't read it. yr. own Virginia.

an asylum: however they say he can leave now.
Must about all. Save for a demand from Chatto
the man who bought my story, to see me, in London next
Tuesday: which mean I expect he wants to
shuffle out of the £10 a the duchess, as well he
may. But I shall be as hard as flint.
I've just come in - from a walk all along the
river to Roehampton - the river flooding,
bright blue, barges going down the tide, &
all so divinely beautiful) at last lay in the
bank in the real rushes & looked at it upside
down. Then I wished Jim were with me, &
plucked that no doubt Jim wouldn't like it,
then I saw a Kingfisher. then I peeped over the wall
& saw 3 elderly ladies & the worn Victorian
elastic-sided boot type meandering round an ornate
table on which was a plate of raspberries. Oh if
I could have heard what they were saying! When
do you go to Paris? Vita to Nessfield that I showed
meet her, Queen there - but no. For one thing I
must finish my pamphlet, & then, angelic though
Vita is, Queen is very stale milk in that cup o'
tea. Lord how I miss Quentin, Angelica - I can't
bear thinking of Judith wont make up

NYPL
HAMILL 2/10/84

245a

1937

Monks Mouse,

Saturday Oct. 2nd

Thank you for sending Ree's letter. I liked it. It gives me the feeling that when Julian came back from China – also when I read his letter to day Lewis. I think he had to go. & nothing could have stopped him. I wonder what you settled with Bunny about publishing. I talked to Tom, & he agreed about the letter to day Lewis; & thought it really important that it should be published, because it is different from anything that anyone else has written; & much more serious, in both thought, than any of the Auden & Spenders writings. He thought the letter to about Roger too confused as it was unfinished, or leave some yet out — I am stands, & hoped Charles would either explain decidedly rather glad that he feels this, as I'm

always wondered if I wasn't wrong.

Since you left we have been to Brighton, evaded Ethel Smyth here, had tea with William Plomer, dined with Clive, & have promised to go to Tilton tomorrow. Lydia rang up, & sounded. Leonard thought rather deferred about Maynard, but we shall hear more tomorrow. Dinner at Charleston last night was rather a failure, but on the whole more to our liking than we expected. Janie intruded, but Clive left her to herself, & we had an amiable old world jump without much showing off. The dinner included a jugged hare & a very good soup. But without Jan & Q. A. L. D. it lacked the NYPL splendour.

To my terror I was rung up last night from Paris & kept to the conclusion, as they say, of some catastrophe. But it was only Chatto again — or rather another of Chatto's editors offering fabulous sums for a short story which he won't take. And all it means is another interview, more telegrams: but I shant put pen to paper without a cheque.

Maurice Baring also has descended — or rather appeals for help, which means we must go over. It's a tragic story. Alexander, he says, has taken him

to hear so that he can breathe at ease, but
jerks [illegible] perpetually. I has a heart that
thumps till the bed jumps; which is not
different from paralysis, but is it any better?
Do we think Alexander is killing him?
Your friend Lady Lovat is staying here; they are
all gathering like the Jews to a feast; so it, as
I suppose, we do over, I may revive
rapidly by a visit of her beauty. But
as a vow, as I must to work & finish my
pamphlet. Did I tell you that
Basil Williams has got certificate A made
me send his letter back? So I must
set to, do something & all the old fogies
with be petering me.

Now I must play bowls: this a dull
misty day. I have fallen into a brook, am
wet through. Leonard pulled out
Metzi front teeth - the very long
Curved one - this morning. But I must

wants a long letter about all that &
Angelica.

I got them Cards this morning — a
great joy.

I feel a lost old Crone
without you all: you Cant
think how I depend upon you,
& when you're not there the
Colour goes out of life, as water from
a sponge: a lovely Quiet, dry,
& dusty. This is the Exact truth:
but not a very beautiful Metaphor
for my complete adoration of you: &
longing to sit, even saying nothing, &
look at you. Only don't turn
young (This is old Aunt Fanny)

B.

I'll write about Shephard.
Remember to find out how long the pictures are open.

NYPL HAMILL 2/10/66

Oct 20 1917

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Monkmoore

Wednesdy.

I have told Mabel to be ready for Angela-
& here's Q. with Richard, Ann – (do
Cant wait – theyre talking). Q says
A went off this morning. I'm
not very coherent, as they argue about
Colonies. Q. arrived at tea, & the
young couple are spending the night at
Charlton. Very nice both them. Ann
rather fierce & fat fancy: Richard as
smooth as silk. We had tea
with the Keynes's. M. is looking
much better – not so white & heavy.
But Lydia seemd rather pinched. –

Edgar is talked of with the usual tender
respect. So I suppose the incident is closed
It seemed more fateful to day nothing

---

said it would take a year before he was right.
We talked about Dreaser mostly for an
hour. He is now a medical expert. All London
specialists were wrong about him. The only
cure for all diseases is at Ruthin. He
asked a lot about you. Oh what an ugly
house Hyde made it — new cover, again.
Then we had a day at Horsham travelling
over books. But an [illegible] colonies raging: his
wit; the argument about [illegible] getting late. Time for tea & cook dinner. His
only way of a kiss that I send this
scribble. I love Mabel to look after
Angelica. I'm sure she'll be solid
take her ducks very severely. Her soup
on Sunday. Work be a heavenly
joy to you. I'll try to write a letter tomorrow

B

NYPL

HAMM 2/10/68

Oct 11
1887

52 Jamstock Sq^e.
Sunday

I'm rather vague, owing to Mabel's vacancy, as to whether you've back yet.
There's a pair of shoes & a skirt belonging to Evangeline W. I hope the means to come & fetch them.
We came up this morning & had the usual miserable day unpacking, seeing d's mother - at least he did. And had to break to her the news of her lover's death. She had a lover in Worthing, a Doctor, aged about 66. Also the dachshund belonging to Edgar has swallowed a ball of wool. So he has sat up 7 nights nursing it till the wool has been unwound. The wolves & their dogs are incredible.

I'm longing to hear about Paris. not
that I suppose there's much chance
I shall go there: unless I make a dash.
In fact this is only to say I'm
longing to see you. Do if you should
ever want to, send word. Not a
single engagement in sight, thank God,
so I could come any time.
We hear that Chatrian, my agent, is
a respected character. No hope of
pay for my story I'm afraid.
I wonder if you saw the Hegners's.
I if you're collabered with picture seeing,
I if you get up at 7 every morning
I if you're fond of your adoring B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68